

**PRESBYTERY**  
 TRULY  
**DISPLAY'D,**  
 OR AN  
**Impartial Character**  
 OF THE  
**PRESBYTERIAN.**

BEING  
 A Vindication of that Sanctified PARTY,  
 from the Virulent Calumnies of some  
 Foul-mouth'd DETRACTORS in this  
 Modern AGE.

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# PRESBYTERY

TRULY

## DISPLAY'D:

OR, AN

# Impartial Character

Of that so much abused

## FACTION, &c.

**P**RESBYTERY! the very Name implies Age and Gravity, therefore not to be exposed to the Obloque of Greener and more Frothy Wits, that are imploy'd in Reviling that Innocent Faction; whereas Reverence ought to be given to the Gray Head, according to Merit, and not to be Buffoon'd and Flurled at by every young Fop, who has not Phlegm enough to allay his Gall, nor Discretion sufficient to check his Hot-headed Passions in their full Career: Nay, The word Puritan, a Nick-name God-father'd on them by some of our scoffing *Shmeis*, and *Rakebel Rabsbakehs*, implies in its genuine signification, no other than Purity: Like the Catharists of Old, who pretended to be more Sanctimonious than the rest of their Brethren, free from wilful Sin, tho' sometimes accompanied with Humane Frailties and Immoralities, and those sufficiently Notorious, as you shall understand by this ensuing Character.

As for the common Name of *Phanatic*, it is the Appellative

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of all Dissenters from our Holy Mother the Church of *England*; and so Consequently not to be Appropriated solely to them: but he that denies it to any Faction, deserves to be Caged up in that Stately Structure in *Moresfields*, as much as any Lunatic that ever was confin'd thereto, since its Original Erection. But to return to the Matter in hand, If you take into your Serious Consideration the ensuing Character of the *Presbytery*, I presume it will rince out all the Stains they have been Tainted with, and wipe away all those Opprobrious Calumnies they have been be-spatter'd with by some Black-mouth'd Buffoons. In short, take it as followeth; A *Presbyter* is a Person that Inveighs against Debauchery in General, and Thunders out *Anathema's* in every Nonsensical Harangue against Drinking, Whoring, and Swearing; but for Dissimulation, Hypocrisie, and Lying, *Belzebub* is not able to out-do them: And as I have heard it from one of the Rabbies of the *Westminster*-Sanhedrim, if there be one Place in Hell hotter than the other, that is the Portion of the Hypocrite; but I leave the Reader to make Application. He's a Man that always appears with a with'd Close-stool Face, and makes such Grimaces, that you must needs think him to be on the Jakes, strain'd by the Operation of a smart Cathartic; so that it may be said by him more truly than it was of one of the Roman Emperors, *Ingenium male habitat*. His Wit (if any) is ill lodg'd, his Soul is couch'd in a very Crabbed and Untoward Apartment; he ever appears, at best, like a Man out of his Wits, with a Swaggering pair of Ears, but not an inch of Hair; whereby you ought to understand, my Beloved, that he is no Legal Nazarite in the first place, and has been so Fortunate as to keep his Lugs on his Logger-head, though by the Law of the Land he deserves to have them cropt (if not cut off) as well as the Triumviri of their Order, Professors of the three most noble Sciences in the Nation, Divinity, Law, and Physick. He is *Mercurius Cælestis*, the Divine Mercury, or *Prime Gazeteer*, who acquaints the Lord of Hosts with the Success of the Battles fought by his Peculiar People (as he Cants it in his Religious *Jargon*) during the late Unexampl'd Rebellion; and was the only Trumpet that Rais'd and Fomented it. He Outgapes a Tarpaulin in a Hideous Storm, which induceth me to believe that the Distance of the Heavens is more remote than Astronomers by their Observations have Discovered, or otherwise his Affected and Squeaking Tone were enough to reach the Blessed Spirits, and Disturb them in their Heavenly *Chorus* of *Hallelujahs*. He is the true Pulpit Buffoon, the Ecclesiastical Mam-mamouchie, such a Cusheon-Cuffer, that it wants no dusting for a Twelve-Month after. He can Prate and Pray (as he mis-calls it) three hours compleat by the Clock, with the Additional Help of Spawling, and the Assistance of Time-spending Coughs, Hums,

Hums and Haws; and Assaults the Deity daily with his Incongruous Preachment, that there is need of the Glorious Attributes of Patience and Long Suffering to Bear with, and Forbear him. The Sight of that Innocent and Decent Ornament, a Surplice, will frighten him into a Tertian, and the Harmonious Sound of a well-tun'd Organ, touch'd by a Skilful Hand, cast him into an Hectic Feavor; a Distemper that scorns the power of Drugs, and is only Cur'd by Death. He's one that pretends to Religion, but abhors all Decency and Order; a Slovenly Fellow in Divinity, a mere Cloak or Demicaster-Divine, that scorns, and indeed deserves not, the Ornamental Vesture of Cap and Gown. One that is ever Pregnant, yet with nothing but Impertinence, and that too much too; who still winks in his Prayer, as if he knew the very Way to Heaven Blind-fold, or were at Blind-mans-buff with his Blinder Congregation: So Starch'd and Formal in his Looks, that the Philosopher, shou'd he see him, wou'd certainly Laugh a second time, when an Ass mumbling of Thistles, at first was the occasion of it; and then he begins and tires the Infatuated Auditory with ——— *Lord! we know Lord! ah Lord we do! that thou Lord kno'st, good Lord! that we know nothing; and we thank thee, O Lord, O Lord, I say, with Ingemination, we return thee Thanks, that thou hast been pleas'd of thy great Goodness and Mercy, to make us sensible of our Nothingness; to make us empty our Selves of all Worldly and Carnal Things, for the Love of thee!* — But enough of this senseles Gibberish, And what think you is the Reward of this Ejaculatory Vanity? Why, he is Supported for it by those (that want Wit, God kno's, more than he does Money) I mean the Quarterly Benevolence of an Apron'd Auditory, that Comfort the Cockles of his Heart with Cawdles and Restoratives, weekly at least; besides the Religious Vails that he receives at a Galloping Lecture; and the Work of the Day being over, then he makes use of a Point of Chamber-Exhortation, and bestows on his Benefactresses a Holy Kiss, and so Engenders Faith and Goodnes in them, by his Close-manag'd Consolation: Now if after that, according to the usual time, an Infant chance to Peep into the World, out of one of those Sanctifi'd Wombs, 'tis doubtles a Babe of Grace, a Brat of the *Genevan* Reformation, being begot by so Zealous a Bigot, on a Superstitious and Over-credulous a *Devota. Rabadineir*, and the Spanish *Mariana*, are the two Politic Jewels that he keeps in his Closet, who hath so imbib'd their King-Killing Tenets, that it is a Matter of no small Difficulty to Judge, whether the Jesuit be Presbyterianiz'd, or the Presbyter Jesuited; there is such a Metem-

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psychosis and Transamination among them, that it would puzzle *Pythagoras* himself to judge which is which; and if you add the Directory, and Assemblies Annotations, you have a Compleat Catalogue of his Library. Nay farther, He's a pretty Beagle that Howls forth Sedition, and Belcheth out Blasphemy, *À la volée*, at Random; and if a well-minded Christian be his Remembrancer, and Tax him with his Error, he then has Recourse to his Zeal and Fervor, and affirms that his Holy Language is un-understood by the Prophane Re-prover. Set-Forms of Prayer he calls the Stifling of the Spirit, and mere Lip-labour, which are an Abomination to the Godly; but to Preach and Pray Extrumperry, and *ad Saltum*, O! there's the Life and Pulse of Religion, in such Fervent Oraisons and Vigorous Ejaculations. If there be one Sentence of Sense or Coherence in Two Hours Discourse, he that hears him may venture to forfeit both his Sense and Reason; for his Folly in Lavishing away his Time at so Idle a Rate. His Method is Singular, for he Quotes you a Scripture, and then as soon plays the Fugitive, runs away from his Text, and Prates so long, till his Audience run away from him too, before he has done. He's such a Cushion-Cuffer, that he beats the *Suggesture*, till the Church Echo with the Noise of his Hand-Cuffs; and it is impossible for a Man over-grown with a Deep Lethargy, to take a Nap in his Conventicle; for before he can do that, he will catch you (as *Moss* caught his Mare) Napping. The Common Prayer is his Common Grief, tho' some of the Common People Curse him for it; but he, like a Religious Fox, verifies the Proverb, *The more he's Curs'd the more he Thrives*. He's a Turbulent Fop, who is never Content with any Government, till his Head be Elevated a Pole higher than his Shoulders; and in truth, *London-Bridge* is the best place for a Presbyterian Nodde. He studies Invectives against the *Pope*, and in plain English, upon the account of his Ecclesiastical Authority, is himself but a Parochial Popeling, and Damns and Saves *ad Libitum*, as pleases him; as his Holiness presumes to do. He walks as Demurely as a Spaniard, or like a Man newly Recover'd of a Consumption; so that you may say the Dominical Prayer between every step. He's a Man of a Crazy Constitution at best, and when he Salutes you, he puls off his Castor with more unbecoming Formality and Simple Affectation, than a Countrey Carrier. He's of a Stubborn Inflexible Persuasion, one that will Bow to a Kirk-Jocky, but not the Lord Jesus; he will Cringe to a Holy Sister, but can't bend the Ham in the Lords Prayer. Yea, and

and Nay is the Standard of his Conversation, and I solemnly Protest and Vow, the highest of his Aſſeverations. In truth his Religion is but a meer Puppet-show, for he delights only in Formality, tho he hates all Approved Forms of well Regulated Devotion. Look upon him in *Puris Naturalibus*, and Nature has Imprinted a Lively Character of him; for he is but an Inch on this ſide of a Natural. His True Zeal he pretends to (if any) is too Hot, and his falſe Religion (as we juſtly term it) is too Cold. In ſhort, He's a Church Incendiary, a Pulpit Boutefeu, an Eccleſiaſtic Buffoon, a Preacher of Sedition, a Fomenter of Rebellion, a pretended Friend both to King and Countrey; but in truth the ſole Enemy of both. And ſo we leave him and his Faction to a Condiſign Punishment here, and conclude with a ſlight, tho' home Touch, of their State hereafter, by an account of a late Viſion in Hel. That there are no *Presbyters* in Hel, that's the Tenet which was prov'd Irrefragably, by the Great Learning and Sophiſtry of a Reverend Elder (I mean *Presbyter*, for that's his Down-right Engliſh Name) who did hold forth in that Large and Spacious Congregation at *Pinner's Hal*, and in his Sermon did ſufficiently expatiate on the Commendations and Merits of the *Presbytery*, returning great Acknowledgement to the Diſpoſer of all Things, that his Lot was caſt to be one of that Society, and happily Cloſ'd his Ingenious Harangue with this his late Viſion. Not long ago, when the Sun had deſerted our Hemisphere, and all things were at their Reſt, but the Active Fancy of Man, I was ſuddenly ſurpriz'd with a Strange, but True Dream, that I was by an unheard of Providence, carried into Hel; where arriv'd, I to ſatiſſie my Curioſity, Gaz'd about, and there I ſaw, as my Imagination prompted me to believe, ſeveral Popes, Emperors, Potentates, Kings, Queens, Cardinals, Jeſuits, Independents, Browniſts, Anabaptiſts, Quakers, Millenarians, with a vaſt number of Monks and Friars; nay, ſome of all Professions whatſoever, whether Civil or Eccleſiaſtical: But upon the ſtrictest Survey I cou'd make, not one *Presbyter* appear'd among them all: So that with Erected Hands I Darted up a Pious Ejaculation to Heaven, that it was my Chance, by the Aſſiſtance of Providence, to be of that Religious Order, of whom many were Deceas'd, but none for their Impieties ſent to Hel; and ſo he concluded his Harangue with a freſh Panegyric of the Presbyterian Party.

The Sunday ſubſequent, it was the Fortune likewise of an Independent to Teach in the ſame Congregation, where he made a large Repetition of the major part of the Presbyterian Work, the precedent Day, and did bemoan himſelf that he  
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was not so Happy to be of that Fraternity; but *in fine*, he acquainted the Assembly as followeth; I, said he, also had a Vision, wherein I imagin'd my self in Hel, and espied several Persons of all Orders, especially of the Independents, which made me with Astonishment Exclame, *O what a Blessed Order is this! O that I had been a Presbyter! O that I had never understood Independency!* But recollecting my self, as my Phancy prompted me, I Beckon'd to a Diminutive Fiend in that Internal Region, whisper'd to him, and ask'd him, Whether there were no *Presbyterians* in those Territories? Who Replied very Affably and Civilly, that there were none, but that they were Lock'd up in a large *Contignation* below the Place where I was, and there they were in Multitudes, and Throng'd so fast to those Subterraneous Regions, that there was scarce room enough to contain them: but they were too Seditious to be in the Common Apartment of the Damn'd; for if they were, they would set *Satan's* whole Kingdom on Flame, and put all his Inhabitants and Vassals into an Universal and Domestic Rebellion: Nay farther, that he durst not let them have a *Mariana* or *Calvin*, for fear they shou'd Preach Sedition, and be over-heard, and so consequently set his whole Dominions into a Combustion. And thus Farewel thou Notorious Impostor, known by the Common Name of *Jack Presbyter*.

*Decipies alios Verbis, vultuque benigno,  
Nam mihi, jam notus, Dissimulator eris.*

**F I N I S.**

**I M P R I M A T U R.**

*High Finks; cum Privilegio  
Ked. Baxt. & Consensu Alior.*



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